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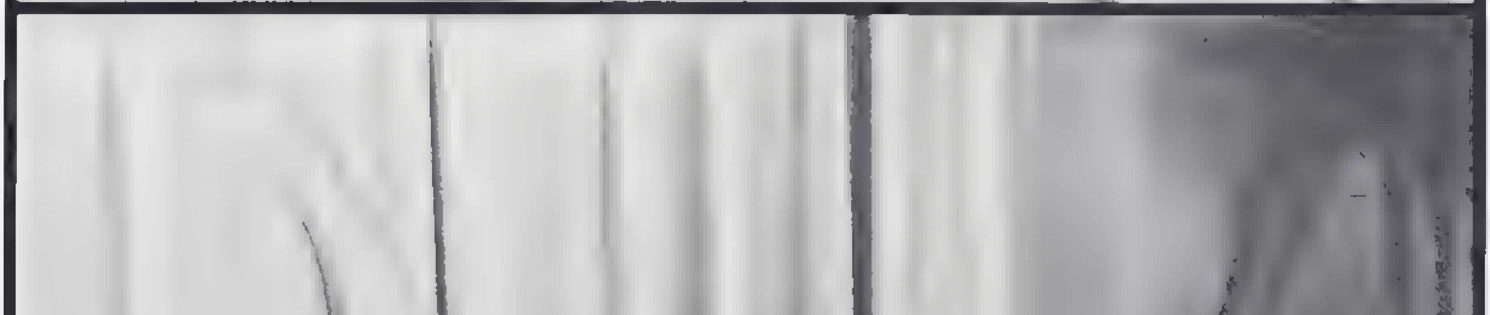
And then, all at once, I was floating in air. No longer did my stomach weight a hundred pounds. Instead, it was like a playful balloon that was going to carry me over the tree tops. For a moment I almost forgot about pulling the cord that would open the parachute. Who needs a chute when you have a bloated, talented belly?

At the last moment, I pulled a cord and immediately I was jerked back to reality. No longer did I have a weightless waist. All those pounds seemed to double in that instant and I thought I was going to plummet to the ground and never be seen again.

"Nothing is more sexy than a big belly that bounces up and down and gets a pussy hot and horny."

"Not too many girls get fucked as much as I do, even though I have a mammoth stomach that pushes far out in front of me."

BIG and BEAUTIFUL!



Early in the morning my hands automatically travel to my belly button. I have to make sure that I am still sticking straight out. Sure enough, there is plenty of hard belly down there. Nothing has happened during the night to make my colossal stomach to get any smaller.

Sometimes I have terrible dreams about my waist line. All of a sudden I am like every other babe walking the streets. No one turns around to look at me because I am not gloriously pregnant any longer.

Of course, some day I will have to give all this up, but before that happens I want to parade my bigness to the world. Rarely do I take the car out any more. Sure, it isn't easy walking all those miles with that heavy weight bouncing up and down in front of me but once I get started I quickly fall into a comfortable rhythm.

During the early morning hours is the best time to take a walk. Guys are on their way to work and they have a lot on their minds. Are they going to make it big today? Make a lot of sales? Hit the boss for a raise? Although those questions are important, when I come on the scene everything suddenly changes. If I didn't know that for a fact I wouldn't say it!

Perhaps I am a teaser but it's so much fun that I can't give it up. In my mind I can imagine hundreds of hard cocks chasing me all over the street. Finally, I am in a dead-end alley and there is no escape. All I can do is spread my fat thighs as wide as possible and take a deep breath. At that point a tremendous rumble builds up in my stomach and I wake up from my reverie. Now is the time to face reality.

there but I usually nod my head and agree to meet later. Why not? Actually, I need the rest because after walking all morning my feet and stomach are dead tired.

The guys who want to fool around in the car are more interesting. At first they are a little shy. It isn't often that you have a girl with a bulging gut sitting right beside you, especially if you happen to be on your way to work.

"I'll bet those tits are on fire," says this dude with the lecherous smile. He hit that nail right on the head. My nipples feel as though they are burning up. More than anything I need a warm, swirling mouth right on top of those heated cherries. I give out as many signals as possible because I want him to get busy and start sucking.

Soon my blouse is wide open and those creamy breasts of mine are free. To make sure that he gets the full treatment, I take plenty of deep breaths and push those dreamy cones of mine straight out.

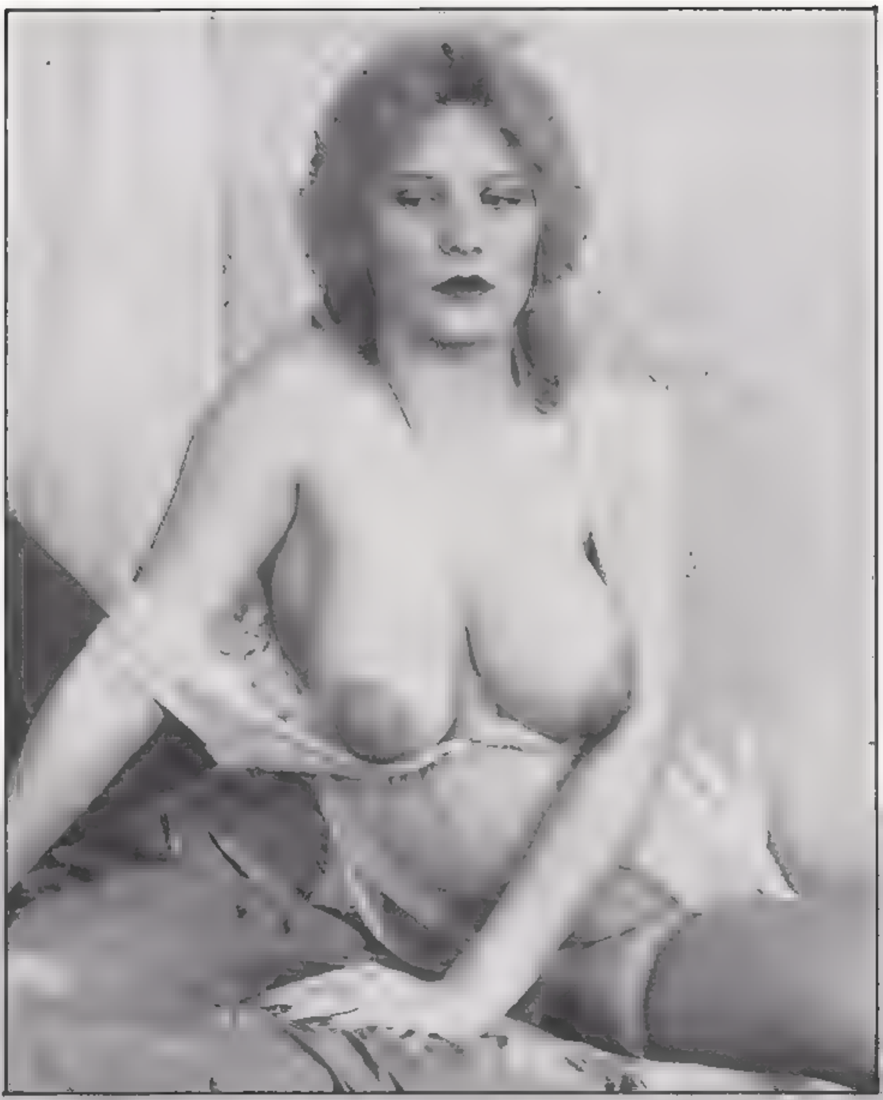
If I don't watch out I'll start drifting into one of my favorite fantasies at that point and it will be hell coming back to reality. If someone starts blowing his horn in the rear I'll quickly snap back and be back in control of the situation.

"See you later,' I quickly say, grabbing the handle of the door. I know I have to swing out fast or he'll reach out and grab my belly. I don't mind a little groping in that area but if someone starts pounding away with their fists then I could be in serious trouble.

Of course, I always meet someone during my walk. For some reason the guy always has a moustache. Maybe I like all that hair searching around between my thighs. That's one way to get a fast giggle for the morning.

"Hey, is all that real?" That same question has been asked me a million times and I always have the same answer. "It better be or I'm going to complain to the Better Belly Association." That always gets a laugh or at least a minor chuckle.

"Let's meet later for lunch and talk about your big belly." Another cliche! That same invitation has been extended to me a hundred times. I want some action right then and



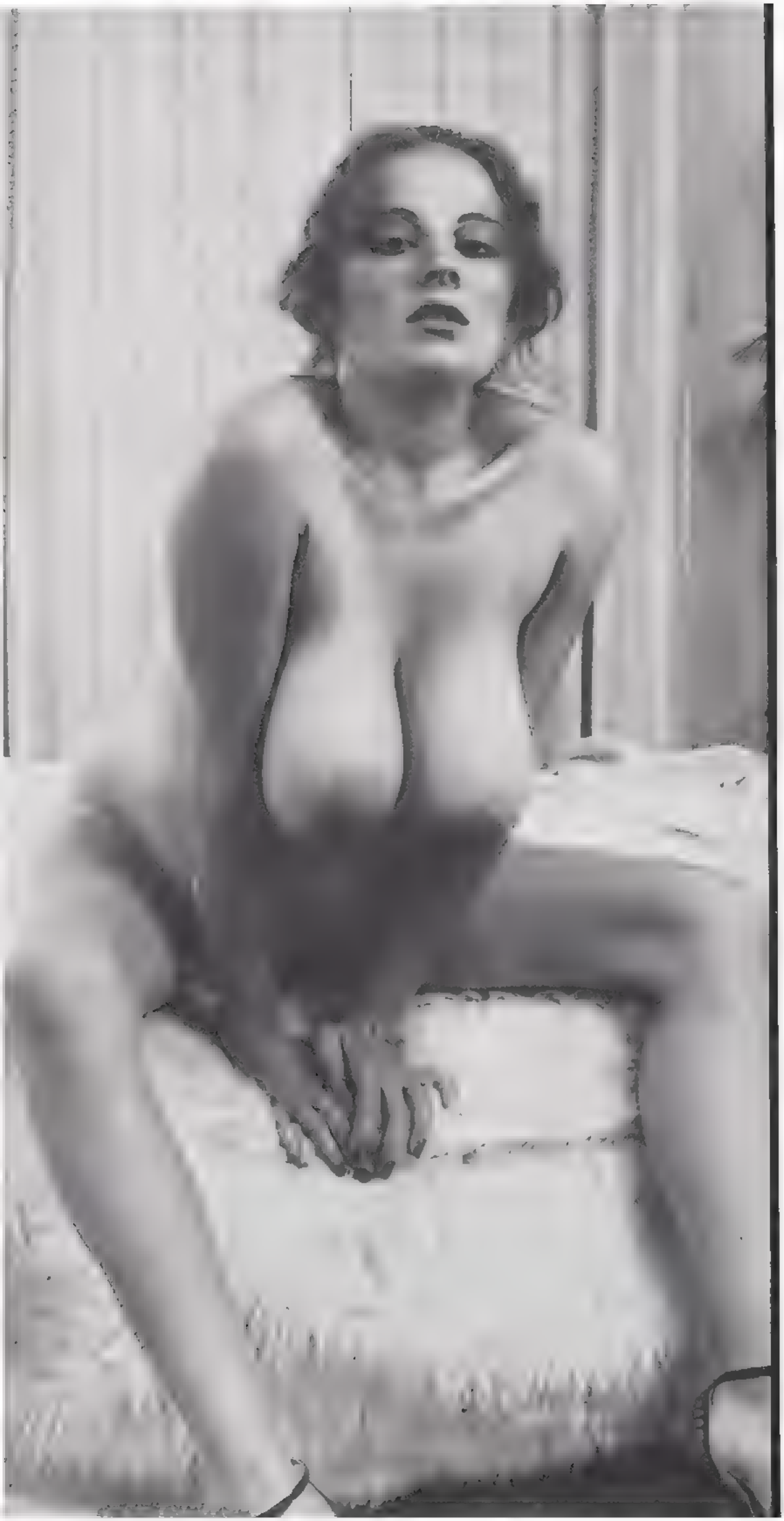
"You're really asking for it," warned Mitzi, my close friend. I was telling her about some of my street adventures and her face went white. "I've heard all kinds of horror stories," she continued with enthusiasm. I couldn't tell if she was warning me to stop or encouraging me to continue until I found the right situation.

"Don't worry, I know how to handle a guy when he starts getting rough," I said without too much conviction because there had been a couple of times when I really wasn't sure I was going to make it home in one piece. I have to admit that I was having a lot of fun but the guy was much too bizarre. He had all kinds of crazy tricks he wanted to do with my big belly. "No, you can't stretch it like that!" I warned but he only smiled and proceeded to pull and tug at my tumescent tummy.

Finally, when I do get back home, I collapse on the couch. For the next half hour all I want to do is rest. My heart is pounding away from all those encounters and as usual my imagination is running wild.

If the phone starts to ring I ignore it. For a little while anyway. Gradually, my curiosity gets the better of me and I have to know who is calling. Is it someone who is bananas about bulging bellies? Does he want to come right over and mess around for a couple of hours?

When the tension becomes too much I reach out and grab the phone.



When my feet touched the earth I had a new surge of energy. More than anything I wanted to be fucked by a huge driving dick. But where was I going to find one of those beauties out in the middle of nowhere?

"Are you lost?" said this voice directly behind me. I swung around and there was this farmer with the biggest hard-on I have ever seen in my life. He must have been standing there for a long time, looking me over. Obviously, he was very turned-on by pregnant women.

"I think I know where I am," I answered. Maybe he was into lost big-bellied babes. If so, then I was going to play it right up to the hilt.

"Well, come along with me," he said, holding out his hand. The moment those strong fingers touched my arm a series of electrical shocks bounced down to my toes. Oh how I wanted all that hard meat between his legs buried up to the hilt in my steaming chute.

"Boy, that sure is a big stomach," he observed on the way. By the way his eyes were bulging out I wondered if he had ever seen a pregnant woman before. Maybe out on the farm they just fuck and a baby pops out within the hour. That would sure save a lot of trouble in between!

"Do you want to pat it?" I answered. As long as he was going to be this friendly I might as well offer him a little gift.

Immediately, his hands were all over me. For a moment I thought two other guys had sneaked up and were using this opportunity to feel me up.

"I saw you walking down the street early this morning with that fantastic stomach and I've got to see you," says this deep masculine voice. A tremble sifts all the way down to my tingling toes and for a few minutes it is almost impossible for me to breathe in a normal manner.

With all the will power I can command, I pull myself together and we start talking. Right away I have to know what he has on his mind. If it isn't too wild I'll make arrangements to see him right then and there.

It is amazing how many guys want to see a girl who is pregnant. Some just want to talk and ask all kinds of questions. There are times when I don't know how to answer them but I make something up on the spot. I don't think I am telling a lie because deep down in my heart I feel I am always telling the truth about my big belly.

At one time I thought that being pregnant was going to be a bore but I sure don't feel that way any longer. Being thin and silly is the worse thing that can happen to a girl. I know that for a fact!

A SWELL TIME

Oh, it feels so good! A big tummy is the best thing to come in my life in a long time. If I wasn't so big I'd jump up and down with joy.

As far as I am concerned, every day is a new adventure. A lot of girls who are pregnant would never think of going for a swim but not me. I made a date with Tim on Saturday. Soon we would be splashing in the water together. He has a way of swimming underneath and poking my juicy hole. I almost come right out of the water when he jabs home like that. Also, my big belly pops out of the water as though it were headed for the moon.

Just to be different I do everything a pregnant girl shouldn't do. Like sky diving! When I showed up at the airport with my huge belly the pilot who was going to take me up almost passed out. "Hey, I can't take a pregnant woman up in the air," he exclaimed. "Why not?" I shouted back. I pulled up my dress and gave him a better look. "Now doesn't that look great? Well, it wants to fly and the only way I can do that is by jumping out of a plane!" He looked at me as though I was crazy but he could see that I was serious and so he shrugged and we were on our way.

When we reached ten thousand feet, I started to get butterflies in my stomach. Something was going on inside that huge container and I had no idea what it was. Maybe I had made a mistake. For a moment I thought I was going to ask the pilot to take me down but then, as I took a couple of deep breaths, I settled down. No, I was definitely going through with this adventure no matter what the consequences. What if the parachute didn't open! My enormous tummy would bounce me right back up in the air again. That sounded good to me, at least for the moment.

"O.K., are you ready?" shouted the pilot. The tone of his voice didn't sound too encouraging. I could tell that he was still trying to dampen my spirits. Quickly, I signalled back. "Let's do it!" I exclaimed, keeping my voice strong and exuberant.

"In other words," I continued, "I can't sit home and be bored."

Fortunately, I was able to get a mammoth horse. Even so, he groaned when I crawled on top. In fact, he looked back a couple of times because he was sure that two people were up in the saddle instead of one.

Galloping down from the side of the mountain was a fabulous thrill. I could feel my stomach bouncing up and down from all the intense activity.

Next week I am going scuba diving. It's going to be hard to find the right equipment to fit around my big belly but if I keep looking I know that I'll be satisfied. All it takes is a little patience.

> "Strong masculine hands began to massage my bulging tummy and a surge of hot blood tumbled through my loins."

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